GOLD KEY
YOGI BEAR
HANNA-BARBERA
12c

YOGI BEAR

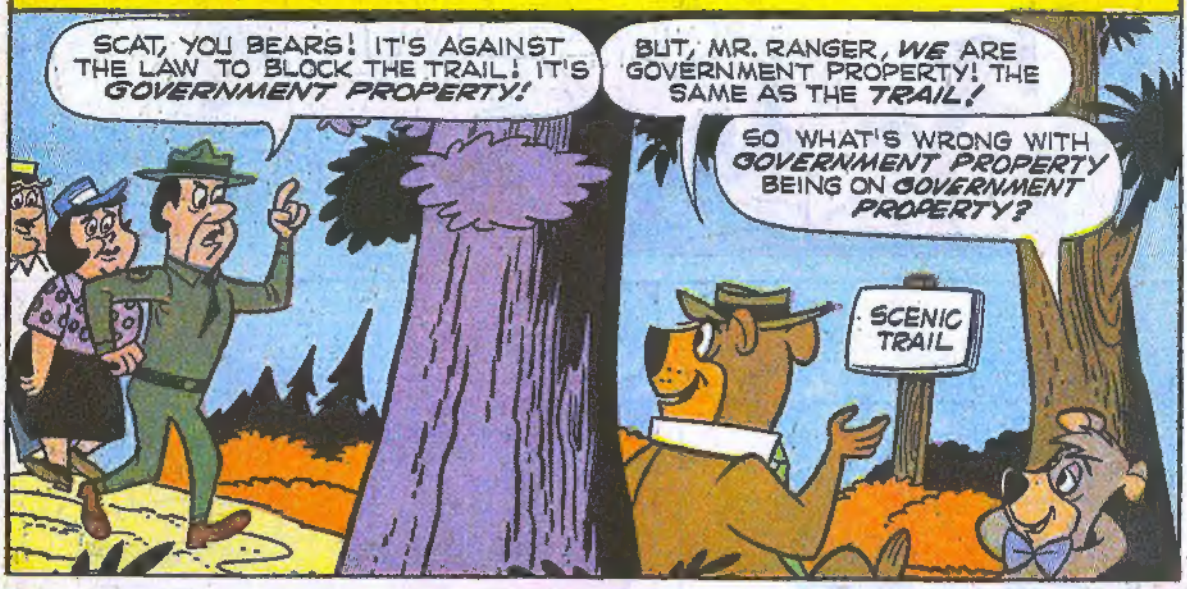
10066-807
JULY



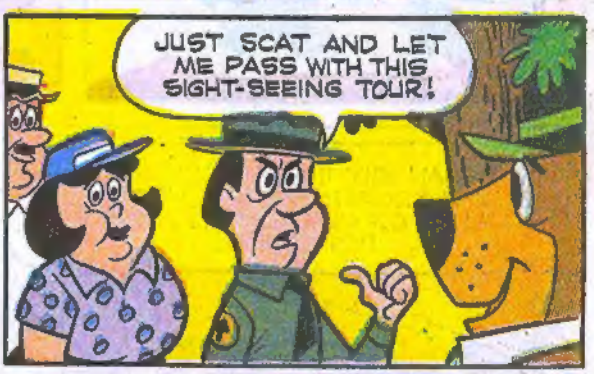
Hanna-Barbera

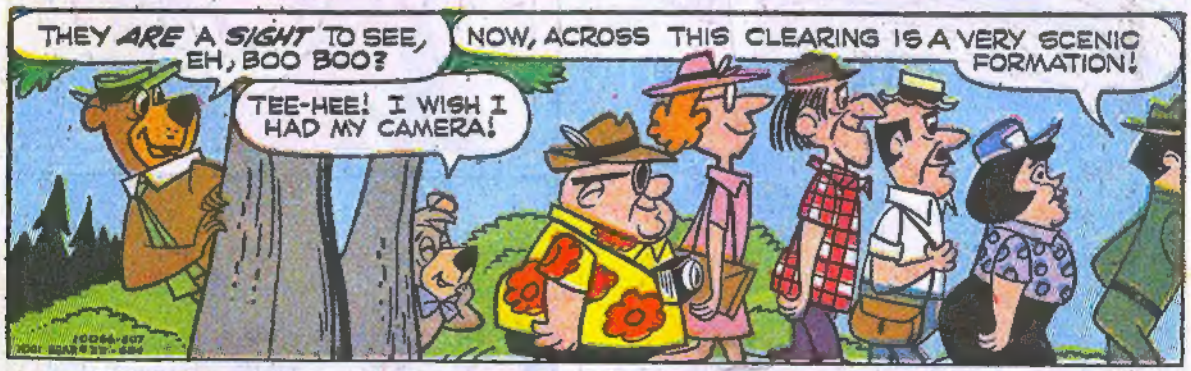
YOGI BEAR

The MYSTERY OF GRANITE FACE









POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579 to Western Publishing Company, Inc., North Road, Poughkeepsie, New York 12602. YOGI BEAR, No. 33, July, 1968. Published quarterly by Western Publishing Company, Inc., North Road, Poughkeepsie, New York 12602. Second-class postage paid at Poughkeepsie, New York. Subscription price in the U.S.A. 45c per year; foreign subscriptions 75c per year; Canadian subscriptions 60c per year. All rights reserved throughout the world. Authorized edition. Printed in U.S.A. Copyright © 1968, 1960, 1959, by Hanna-Barbera Productions, Inc.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS should reach us four weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.



TRADEMARK OF SCREEN GEMS, INC. Western Publishing Company, Inc. authorized user. © 1968, Hanna-Barbera Productions, Inc.


AN INDIAN LEGEND SAYS THAT THE SPIRIT OF THE WAWAWOO MEDICINE MAN APPEARS AND DISAPPEARS IN THE SHADOW OF OLD GRANITE FACE!
BOY, THESE TOURISTS SURE FALL FOR FAIRY TALES!
OOH!
AH!
IMAGINE!
C'MON, BOO... LET'S SHOW THE RANGER THAT WE BEARS PARK OUR HIDES WHEREVER WE CHOOSE IN THIS PARK!
WE'RE THE MASTERS OF ALL WE SURVEY!
LET'S SOAK UP SOME SUN RIGHT UP AGAINST OLD GRANITE FACE!
YOU CAN SIT IN THE SUN, YOGI... BUT I PREFER SITTIN' UNDER THE SHADE OF OLD GRANITE FACE'S BIG NOSIE!
TO EACH HIS OWN, ITTY BITTY BUDDY!
I HOPE THE RANGER BRINGS ANOTHER TOUR PAST SOON... HE'LL FLIP HIS MERIT BADGE!
HUH? WHERE'S BOO BOO?









YOGI TRIES DESPERATELY TO OPEN GRANITE FACE...



THEN...







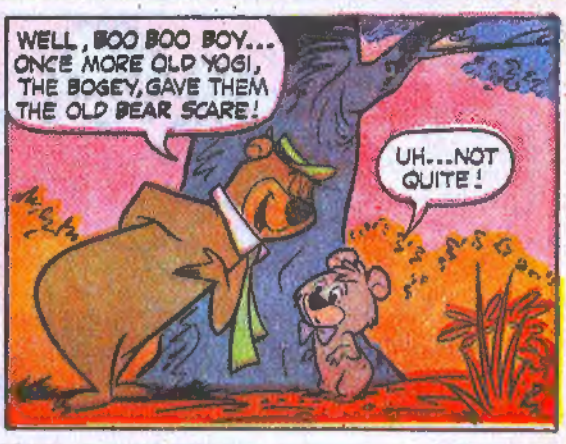

LOOKS LIKE SOME OLD MEDICINE MAN PLAYED SPOOK HERE TO SCARE THE OTHER INJUNS INTO BRINGING FOOD TO HIM!
SOME RACKET!
A TOURIST STUMBLED ACROSS IT, AND WHEN HE CAME OUT, YOU GOT WHISKED IN, BOO BOO!
IT SURE HAPPENED FAST!
HEH! IT'S GOOD TO KNOW ABOUT THAT PLACE! YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN WE MIGHT NEED A SECRET HIDEOUT!
AND THAT VERY NIGHT...
BAM! BAM!
OPEN UP!
BAM!
NOW, WHO COULD THAT BE?
HUH?
OKAY! WHERE YOU HIDIN' THE MICE? I KNOW THEY'RE IN HERE!
BUT WE DON'T HAVE MICE, MR. JINKS!
OH, NO? LUMPS IN YOGI'S PILLOW...
OUT YOU GO, MISERABLE, ER... BANANAS, APPLES, MUFFINS...
WHAT IS THIS?
MY MIDNIGHT MUNCH, WHAT ELSE?
GRR... I'LL FIND THOSE MEECES IF I HAVE TO TEAR THIS CAVE APART!
OH, NO...
CRRRACK!

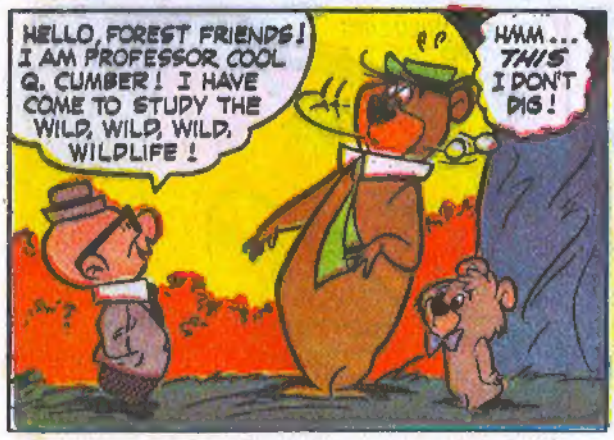

A SHORT AND MESSY WHILE LATER...
BAH! MAYBE THEY SLIPPED OUT UNDER THE DOOR AGAIN WHEN I WASN'T LOOKING!
WHAT A MEGS! HE'S GOT OUR JELLYBEANS MIXED UP IN OUR SOCKS, AND OUR...
TEE-HEE-HEE!
HEY! WHO'S IN MY PILLOW?
WE SNEAKY MEECES! JINKS NEVER BOTHERED WITH YOUR PILLOW AFTER HE RANSACKED YOGI'S!
PIXIE AND DIXIE!
WE CAN'T GET AWAY FROM JINKS, EVEN ON A CAMPING TRIP!
HE RELENTLESSLY FOLLOWS US EVERY PLACE!
OPEN UP! OPEN UP! I HEAR THE MEECES SQUEAKIN' IN THERE!
I'LL NEVER GET MY BEAUTY SLEEP ...UNLESS...
BAM! BAM!
C'MON, BOO BOO... HEAD FOR OLD GRANITE FACE!
OOF!
BUMP!
HE WON'T BE ABLE TO SEE THE SECRET DOOR OPEN IN THE SHADOWS AT NIGHT... HE'LL THINK WE'VE ALL DISAPPEARED... LIKE THE OLD SPOOK LEGEND!
TEE-HEE! MAYBE JINKS'LL GET CURED OF MEECING!
HALT! I COMMAND YOU!
ZOOM!


IN WE GO...
HEY, YOGI... WE'VE EJECTED SOMEBODY FROM THE INSIDE...
HUH?
HEY!!
PLANK!
EEK! I HAVE STRUCK A HUMAN!
(ULP!) I'D BETTER GET BACK TO THE CITY AND HIDE!
CITY
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
I GIVE UP! DON'T HIT ME AGAIN!
SAY...IF YOU WERE SKINNIER AND DIDN'T HAVE WHISKERS...
THAT'S ME, I CONFESS! I WAS HIDIN' OUT TILL I COULD GROW A BEARD AND GET FAT BY EATING LIKE A BEAR!
WANTED
AND SO...
WELL, MICE, YOUR WORRIES ARE OVER NOW!
YEAH! WITH JINKS GONE WE CAN REALLY ENJOY OUR VACATION!
BUT...
ON SECOND THOUGHT, MAYBE OUR WORRIES HAVE JUST BEGUN, BOO BOO!
CHOMP! SLUP! CHOMP! CHOMP! CHOMP!
JUST KISS YOUR MIDNIGHT MUNCH GOOD-BY, YOGI!
-ZOK!


YOGI BEAR
BUGABOO BEAR
HERE COMES ANOTHER BUNCH OF TOURISTS, BOO BOO!
I'LL GIVE 'EM THE "FRIGHT TREATMENT," SO WE WON'T BE BOTHERED WITH SIGHTSEERS!
AH, HOW PEACEFUL!
REPRINTED BY POPULAR DEMAND


BOOOOOO! GROWL! SNARL! SNAP!
LET ME OUT OF HERE!
I'M GOING HOME!
GANGWAY!


WELL, BOO BOO BOY... ONCE MORE OLD YOGI, THE BOGEY, GAVE THEM THE OLD BEAR SCARE!
UH...NOT QUITE!


HELLO, FOREST FRIENDS! I AM PROFESSOR COOL Q. CUMBER! I HAVE COME TO STUDY THE WILD, WILD, WILD, WILDLIFE!
HMM... THIS I DON'T DIG!


A PROF SHOULD HAVE SENSE ENOUGH TO BE SCARED OF ME! I'M A BEAR, YOU KNOW!
BUT BEARS ARE MORE AFRAID OF PEOPLE THAN VICE VERSA!


ALL ONE MUST DO IS LOOK A WILD BEAST IN THE EYE...
AND HE WILL RUN!
YOU KNOW SOMETHING, BOO BOO?
!
HE'S SO RIGHT!
NOW YOU WILL BLEND WITH YOUR NATURAL SURROUNDINGS TO CONCEAL YOURSELF!
HE WAS RIGHT AGAIN!
PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER, YOGI! YOU'VE GOT TO SCARE HIM AWAY!
LOOK! HE'S IN OUR BERRY PATCH!
THAT'S GOING TOO FAR!
I WILL SCARE HIM LIKE BEARS DO IN THE MOVIES!
OR IS IT WILDCATS THAT DO THIS?


ANYWAY, IT'S VERY FRIGHTENING!
SNARL!
AH, AH! I CAUGHT YOU!
WHY WERE YOU FLYING THROUGH THE AIR, BEAR?
(GULP!) THAT LOOK AGAIN!
WHY, I'M JUST DOING ONE OF MY BIRD IMITATIONS!
TWEET!
FLAP!
FLAP!
LIKE IT?
NO! DO YOU HAVE ANY OTHER TRICKS?
I CAN RUN BACKWARDS ON MY FRONT PAWS! SEE?
I LIKE THAT BETTER!
YOGI! YOU'RE CHICKEN!
I AM NOT!
THEN GO RIGHT BACK THERE AND SCARE HIM SILLY!
OH, NO! YOU WERE RIGHT! I AM CHICKEN!
THEN SNEAK UP ON HIM FROM BEHIND LIKE A TRUE COWARD!
BEING A COWARD I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF THIS MYSELF!
ZIP!
ZIP!
ZIP!


I'LL SCARE HIM BEFORE HE HAS A CHANCE TO LOOK ME IN THE EYE!
WELL, HELLO THERE, HENNY-PENNY!
NYAAA!
CATCH ME!
YOU HAD BETTER CARRY YOUR CHICKEN FRIEND BACK TO THE COUP!
OOF!
CAN'T YOU WALK?
YOU HEARD WHAT THE PROFESSOR SAID!
LATER...
THIS WILL LURE HIM INTO OUR CAVE AND THEN YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!
TOURISTS! DON'T MISS SEEING THIS INTERESTING CAVE!!→
THIS TRICK WILL TERRIFY THE TWERP!
EVERYONE IS HORRIFIED BY A WILD ANIMAL'S EYES IN THE DARK! (CHUCKLE!)
WHEN I HEAR HIM COMING, I POP OPEN MY EVIL-LOOKING ORBS LIKE THIS AND...
HALP!


THERE'S A WILD ANIMAL IN THERE!
HOLD IT!
IT'S ONLY THE PROFESSOR!
THAT'S WORSE!
YOU'VE GOT TO STOP HIM PEEKING AROUND OUR HOME!
OH, THAT I WON'T STAND FOR!
SEE HERE, YOU...
HEH, HEH! LOOK ME IN THE EYE!
UH-OH! HE DID IT AGAIN!
NOW I'VE GOT YOU BACKED UP AGAINST THE WALL!
AND DON'T YOU WISH YOU COULD SINK THROUGH THE FLOOR?
A GOOD SUGGESTION!
I'LL JUST DO THAT!
'BYE, NOW!
MOST AMAZING!


QUIT PLAYING MOLE! HIS BACK IS TURNED! COME ON OUT!
THE FRAUD! I KNEW HE'D RUN FROM ME!
BRAVE AGAIN, HUH?
THE MODERN BEAR'S HOME IS TRULY FASCINATING!
I WILL NOW SHOW YOU THAT PEOPLE ARE PHONY!
ONE LOOK AT OUR HORROR CHAMBER AND YOU'LL BLAST OFF, LITTLE MAN!
A RANGER RUG! HOW QUAINT!
HE DOESN'T HAVE TO KNOW THAT IT'S JUST SOME OLD CLOTHES, STUFFED WITH STRAW! HEH, HEH!
THAT'S GRANDPA COLLECTING PIECES FOR GRANDMA'S CRAZY QUILT!
I TELL YOU, MISTER ...BEARS ARE ROUGH ON PEOPLE!
THIS IS GRANDMA AS A LITTLE GIRL WHEN SHE BAGGED HER FIRST HUNTER!
HOW CUTE!
NOW, MAY I SHOW YOU A PHOTO?
AACK!
MY WIFE!

"BUSABOO BEAR"




WE WON'T BE BOTHERED BY THAT PEST AGAIN!
BUT WE WILL HAVE THE REGULAR TIMID-TYPE TOURISTS, OF COURSE!
I HEAR SOME COMING NOW!
(CHUCKLE!) WATCH ME SCATTER 'EM!
AS I TOLD YOU, BOYS, THESE BEARS PULLED A VERY MEAN TRICK ON ME!
IT WAS AWFUL THE WAY THEY FRIGHTENED YOU, SIR!
IT'S THE PROF! AND HE BROUGHT HIS STUDENTS WITH HIM THIS TIME!
WE WILL ALL LOOK THEM IN THE EYE LIKE YOU TAUGHT US!
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING WE CAN DO, BOO BOO!
ZIP!
ZIP!
HMM...I WONDER WHERE THEY WENT!
I HAVE A FEELING THEY ARE LURKING AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE!
IF YOU CAN'T LICK THEM, JOIN THEM, I ALWAYS SAY!

GOLD KEY CLUB COMICS

Reader's Page

ANIMALS

Our readers (that's you) are proving every day what talented artists they are. Here's a pageful of drawings you sent. Keep them coming! For best reproduction, draw in black ink on white paper. Mail to the address below.

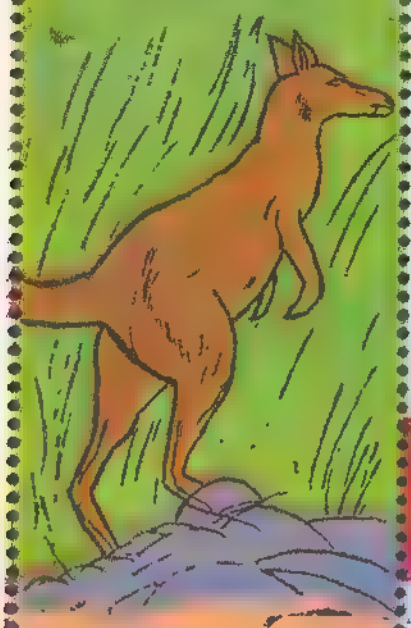
© 1968 BY WESTERN PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.

MOUNTAIN LION



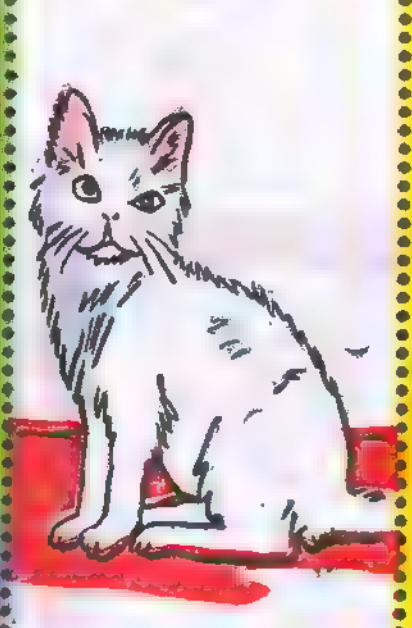
Scott Reyell
Schenectady New York

KANGAROO



Frank Horton
Cincinnati, Ohio

KITTEN



Michael Kazmer
Detroit, Michigan

GIRAFFE



David Lanning
Dalton, Georgia

Send each drawing, joke or other contribution on a separate sheet of paper • No payments are made for club contributions and no contributions can be returned. Letters cannot be answered individually • Watch club pages every month for replies, your drawings, jokes, written ideas and your name in print.

ADDRESS ALL MAIL TO:

GOLD KEY COMICS CLUB
WESTERN PUBLISHING CO.
NORTH ROAD
POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y. 12601

GOLD KEY CLUB COMICS

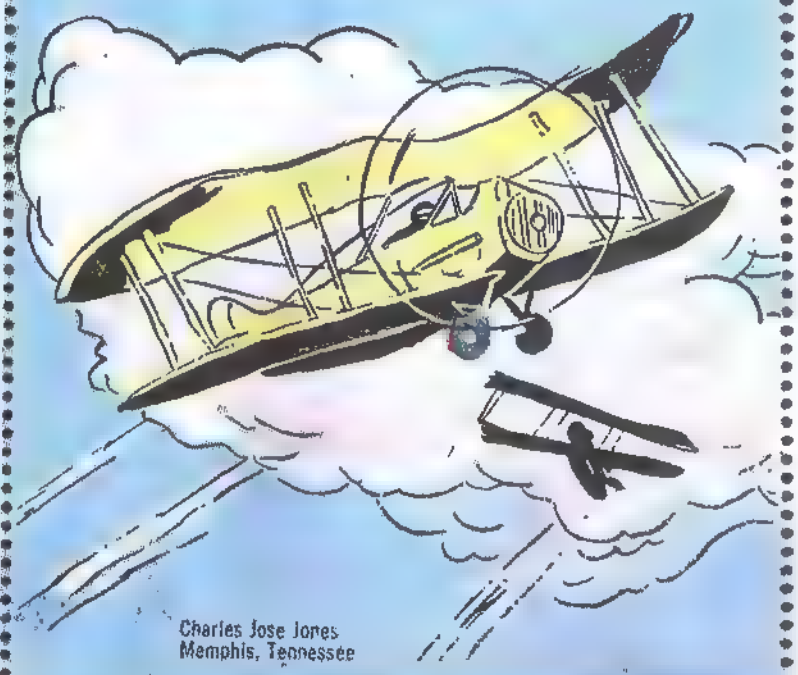
Reader's Page

AIRPLANES

Our readers (that's you) are proving every day what talented artists they are. Here's a pageful of drawings you sent. Keep them coming! For best reproduction, draw in black ink on white paper. Mail to the address below.

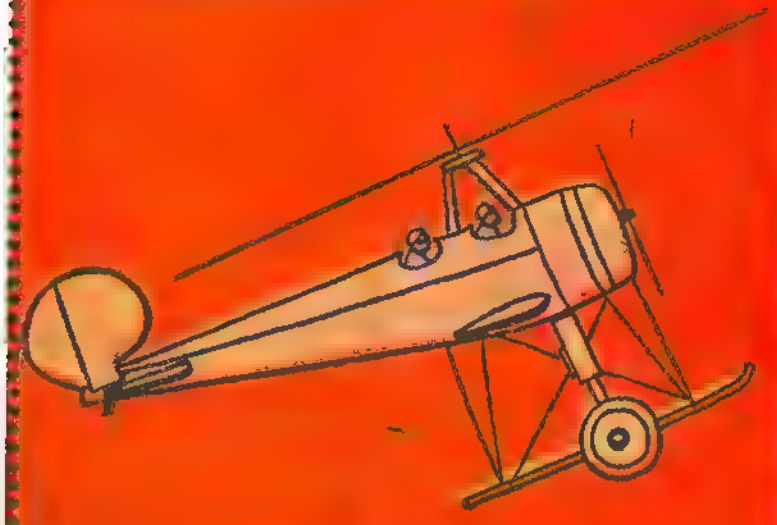
© 1968 BY WESTERN PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.

WORLD WAR I FIGHTERS

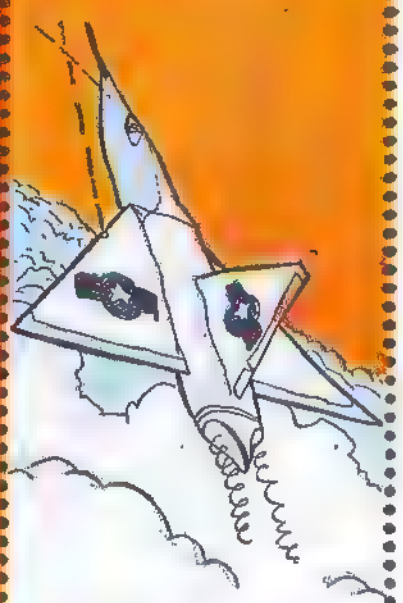


Charles Jose Jones
Memphis, Tennessee

CIERVA'S AUTOGIRO



F-102 CONSOLIDATED VULTEE



Dennis Regan
Wisconsin Rapids, Wisconsin

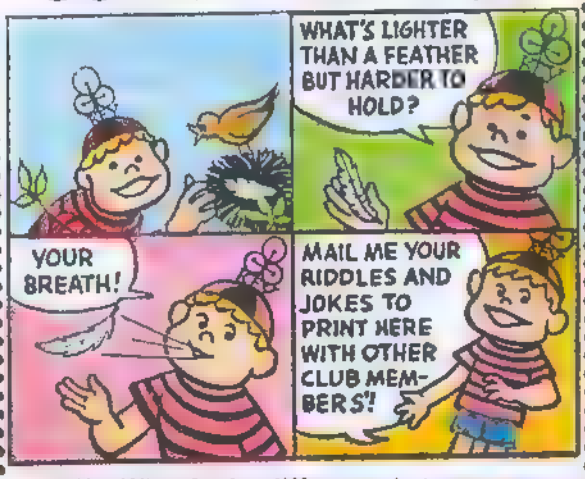
Send each drawing, joke or other contribution on a separate sheet of paper • No payments are made for club contributions and no contributions can be returned. Letters cannot be answered individually • Watch club pages every month for replies, your drawings, jokes, written ideas and your name in print.

ADDRESS ALL MAIL TO:

GOLD KEY COMICS CLUB
WESTERN PUBLISHING CO.
NORTH ROAD
POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y. 12601

GOLD KEY CLUB COMICS

JOKES ON YOU



Riddle: What is the difference between a running man and a running dog?
Answer: The man wears trousers and the dog pants.
Patrick Bragg—Chicago, Illinois

Duane: Where should a dressmaker make her shop?
Marlene: On the outskirts of the city.
Scott Hannah—Troy, Ohio

Riddle: Why can't a bike stand up by itself?
Answer: Because it's two-tired!
Terry Deal—Airville, Pennsylvania

Riddle: Why does the rain pour down in sheets?
Answer: To cover the river bed.
Ricky Largin—Birmingham, Alabama

Customer: When I bought this cat you told me he was good for mice. He doesn't go near them.
Clerk: Well, isn't that good for mice?
Vincent Maiello—Bronx, New York

Mother: What does that zero on your report card mean?
Son: That's no zero. The teacher ran out of stars, so she gave me a moon.
Sandra L. Kay—Parkersburg, West Virginia

Riddle: What day of the year is a command to go forward?
Answer: March fourth.
Pamela Middleton—Albany, New York

Man: I'd like a round-trip ticket to the moon.
Ticket Seller: Sorry, sir, the moon's full right now.
Dominic Fulco III—East Hartford, Connecticut

Riddle: Why is the rooster always so neat?
Answer: Because he always has his comb with him.
Karen Statezny—Union Grove, Wisconsin

Riddle: If a carrot and cabbage had a race, which would win?
Answer: The cabbage, because it's a head.
Jean Hourihan—Uxbridge, Massachusetts

Tom: I fell out of a ten-foot tree today.
Harry: Were you hurt?
Tom: No, I just fell three feet.
Gwen Bryant—Aliceville, Alabama

Lady (standing in the middle of a busy street): Officer, can you tell me how to get to the hospital?
Officer: Just stand where you are.
James D. Rickard—Florence, Alabama

Riddle: During what month do people talk the least?
Answer: February — the shortest month of the year.
Jody Knoell—Lewellen, Nebraska

Riddle: What is a wisecracker?
Answer: A smart cookie.
Linda Caspary—Fremont, California

Riddle: Why is a policeman the the strongest man in the world?
Answer: Because he can hold up cars with one hand.
Cathy Rose—Oakland, California

Riddle: Why is a cookbook exciting?
Answer: It has some stirring pages.
Gerald Romanzin—Calgary, Alberta, Canada

Judge: Have you ever been up before me?
Prisoner: I don't know. What time do you get up?
Jerry Prock—Wiburton, Oklahoma

Riddle: Why did the farmer feed his cow money?
Answer: To have rich milk.
Roberta Greenwell—Clearlake Highlands, California

Riddle: What did the beaver say to the tree?
Answer: It was nice gnawing you.
Ricky Fleehart—Bellevue, Washington

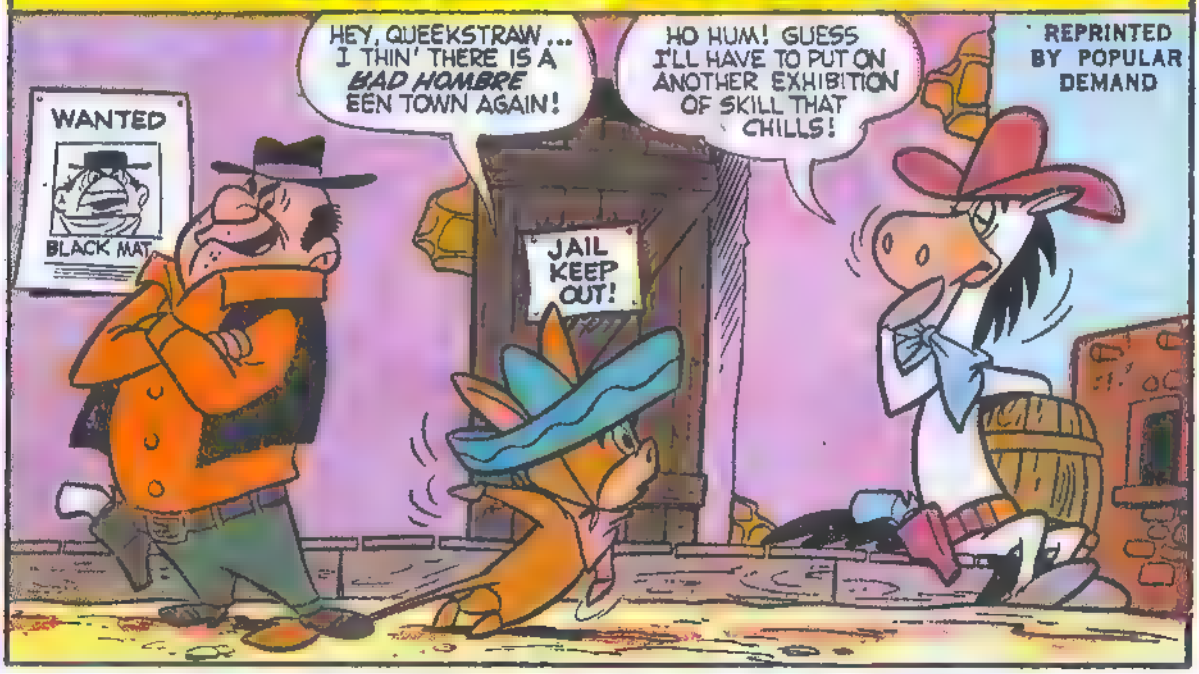
© 1968 BY WESTERN PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.

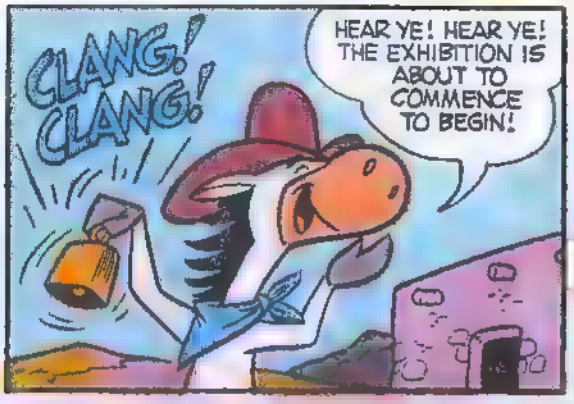
Send each drawing, joke or other contribution on a separate sheet of paper • No payments are made for club contributions and no contributions can be returned. Letters cannot be answered individually • Watch club pages every month for replies, your drawings, jokes, written ideas and your name in print.

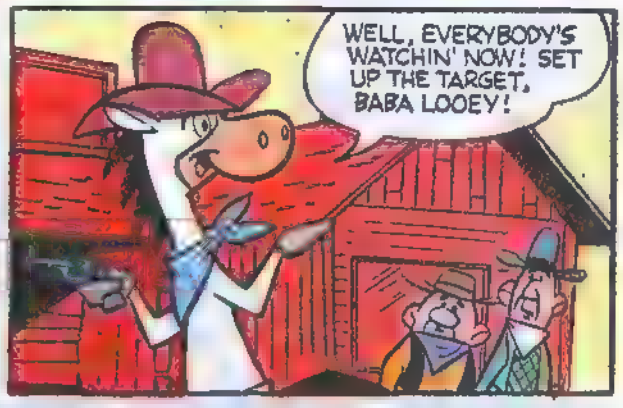
ADDRESS ALL MAIL TO: GOLD KEY COMICS CLUB
WESTERN PUBLISHING CO.
NORTH ROAD
POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y. 12601

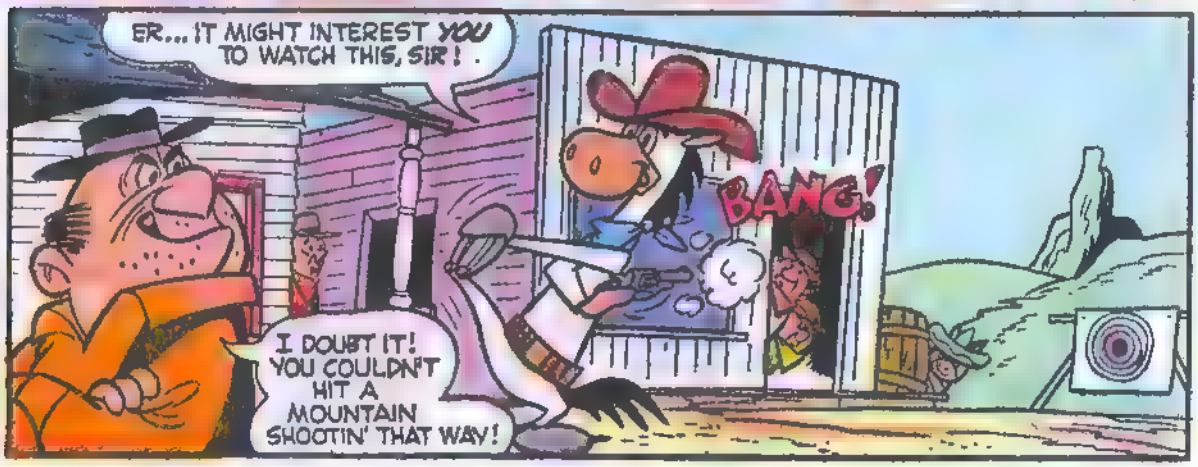
QUICK DRAW McGRAW

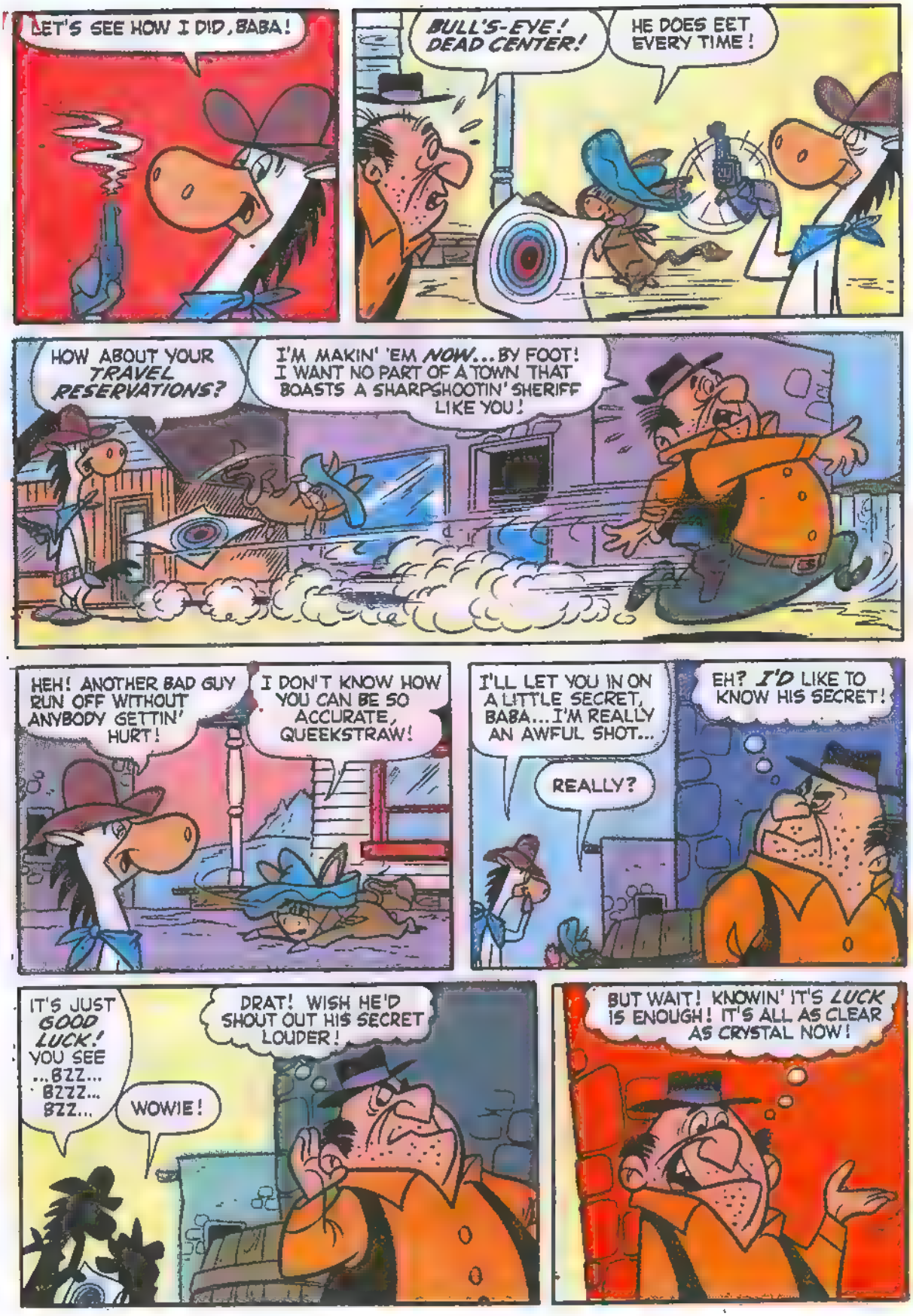
BULL'S-EYE SHOOTER









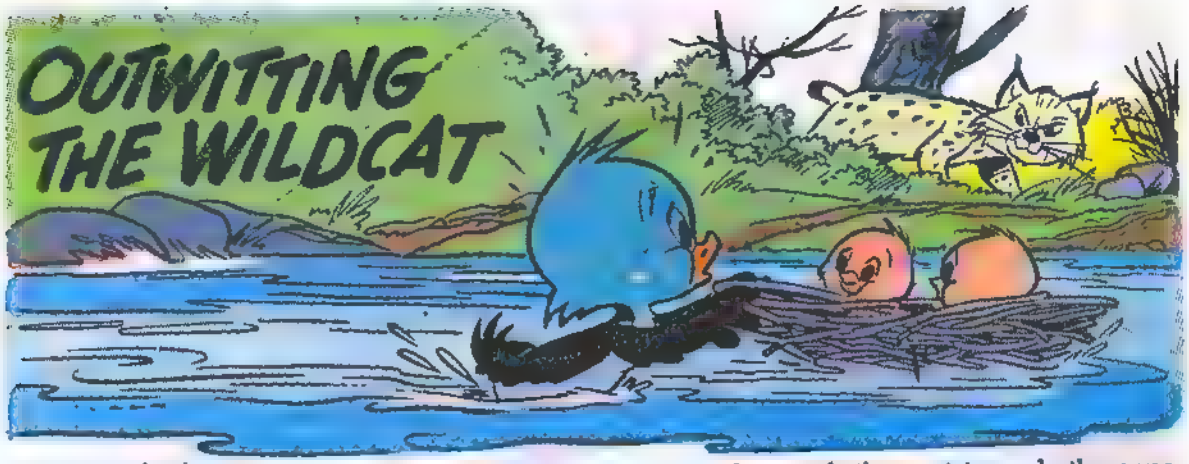

LET'S SEE HOW I DID, BABA!
BULL'S-EYE! DEAD CENTER!
HE DOES EET EVERY TIME!
HOW ABOUT YOUR TRAVEL RESERVATIONS?
I'M MAKIN' 'EM NOW... BY FOOT! I WANT NO PART OF A TOWN THAT BOASTS A SHARPSHOOTIN' SHERIFF LIKE YOU!
HEH! ANOTHER BAD GUY RUN OFF WITHOUT ANYBODY GETTIN' HURT!
I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU CAN BE SO ACCURATE, QUEEKSTRAW!
I'LL LET YOU IN ON A LITTLE SECRET, BABA... I'M REALLY AN AWFUL SHOT...
REALLY?
EH? I'D LIKE TO KNOW HIS SECRET!
IT'S JUST GOOD LUCK! YOU SEE ...BZZ... BZZZ... BZZ...
WOWIE!
DRAT! WISH HE'D SHOUT OUT HIS SECRET LOUDER!
BUT WAIT! KNOWIN' IT'S LUCK IS ENOUGH! IT'S ALL AS CLEAR AS CRYSTAL NOW!


WHEN HE SHOT, HE HELD HIS SHOE! AND HORSESHOES ARE SUPPOSED TO BE GOOD LUCK!
SO WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT, BABA?
WOWIE! SOME LUCK, OKAY! WOWIE!
WOWIE HERE, TOO...'CAUSE WHEN IT GETS DARK, I'M GONNA END HIS LUCKY SHOOTIN'!
THAT NIGHT...
HEH! IT'LL BE A SIMPLE MATTER TO TAKE HIS HORSESHOES OFF!
TEE, HEE-HEE, HEE!
(WHEW!) HE'S KINDA TICKLISH!
BUT I MADE IT! HAW-HAW! NOW I CAN TAKE WHAT I WANT FROM THIS TOWN!
THE SHERIFF IS NO LONGER A THREAT!
EH? WHO EES DISTURBING MY PIECE OF SLEEP?
SMASH! BASH! CRASH!
GOLLIES! SOMEBODY EES BUSTING INTO THE BANK!
SPLINTER! KER-RASH! BLAM!


QUEEKSTRAW! WAKE OPP! YOO-HOO!
SPLASH!
CRASH!
THUMP!
THUMP!
(YAWN!) BREAKFAST READY?
A BAD BANDIDO EES SMASH-BASHING THE BANK!
SKRASH!
NO KIDDIN'?! GUESS HE NEVER HEARD OF ME!
ER... I THIN' IT IS THE SAME HOMBRE YOU CHASED EEN THE DAY!
BASH!
OH! HE THINKS HE'LL SNEAK A ROBBERY!
SMASH!
WELL, I'LL DASH OUT THERE AND SCARE HIM CLEAR TO COLORADO!
HEY, YOU VARMINT-TYPE-VARMINT, YOU...
HAR, HAR! WAIT'LL HE DISCOVERS THAT HE'S BAREFOOT AND OUTA LUCK!
EEYOW! THESE PEBBLES ARE KILLIN' MY FEET!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
MY SHOES ARE GONE!
HO-HO! IT'S TRUE HE'S A BAD SHOT! NONE OF HIS BULLETS ARE COMIN' NEAR ME!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!


BUT WHEN I SHOOT, I WON'T MISS! I'LL TAKE CAREFUL AIM, AND...
BANG! BANG!
ARGH!
SPLAT!
SPLOOSH!
CLICK!
CLICK!
YAY! HE HAS THE WET AND UNBANGY GUNPOWDER!
ALL BECAUSE ONE OF YOUR WILD SHOTS PUNCTURED THE TOWN WATER TANK, QUEEKSTRAW!
BOY, THAT'S WHAT I CALL LUCK!
HUH? HOW CAN HE STILL BE A LUCKY SHOOTER WITHOUT SHOES?
OH! HIS SHOES HAVE NOTHING TO DO WEETH HIS TARGET SHOOTING!
TRUE, HE HOLDS HIS FOOT WHILE SHOOTING, BUT THAT IS ONLY TO MAKE EET LOOK MORE DIFFICULT!
THEN WHAT'S HIS SECRET LUCK? HOW CAN HE HIT THE BULL'S-EYE EVERY TIME?
SHOULD WE TELL HEEM, QUEEKSTRAW?
MIGHT'S WELL! HE WON'T BE ABLE TO TELL ANYONE ELSE! HE'LL GET 99 YEARS FOR TAKIN' MY SHOES!
SEE? QUICKSTRAW IS LUCKY ENOUGH TO HAVE A PET MOTH WHO IS TRAINED TO CHEW A HOLE DEAD CENTER AT THE SOUND OF A SHOT!
QUIET PLEASE
DON'T SLAM THE DOOR OR HE'LL RUIN ANOTHER TARGET!

OUTWITTING THE WILDCAT



One morning Biddy Buddy was awakened by the booming of thunder and the cracking of lightning. But a third sound gave him even more alarm. Somebody was calling for help.

Biddy peered through the slanting rain and finally spied a small nest floating along down the slowly rising river. Inside the nest were two tiny birdies.

"Wak!" Biddy quacked, swimming over to the nest. "What'cha kicking up the fuss for, fellows? A little water won't hurt you."

"It will if we fall into it," one of the birdies calmed down enough to point out. "We can't swim like you can."

"I see what you mean," Biddy nodded. "Well, you boys just sit tight. I'll shove your nest over to the shore, and you can hop out."

Biddy prodded at the nest with his beak, his tiny feet churning in the water as fast as he could make them go.

"What's your nest doing down here in the water in the first place?" he panted.

"A big wind came along and whooshed it out of the tree," the birdie explained.

"Well, I just 'woosh' I could get you to shore faster," Biddy puffed. "But we seem to be drifting into the main stream."

Even as Biddy spoke, both he and the nest were swept into the middle of the stream and were pushed roughly along by the current.

"I don't like to be a grouch, but this is more than I bargained for!" Biddy gasped, as he struggled to keep the nest upright.

As Biddy continued his valiant efforts, his alert eyes spied a slinking figure trotting alongside the stream. "Wak!" he squawked with alarm. "It's Larry Lynx, and something tells me he's planning his supper menu for tonight and hoping we'll be the main course!"

Biddy's feet churned harder and harder as he tried to push the nest towards the opposite shore, but he could make little headway against the strong current.

"Well," he quacked to himself. "Larry Lynx isn't exactly the smartest critter in the big forest. Maybe I can trick him into saving us if I make the deal attractive enough.

"Hey, Larry," he called, "we can't be on your menu while we're in here. Get on that big branch in the water downstream and snag us as we go by. I'll hop in the nest, too."

Larry nodded eagerly. "Oooh, that's a marvelous idea," he said, loping ahead to the branch. Minutes later he had rescued the nest and dropped it on the shore.

"Now don't be satisfied with just us for your supper," Biddy advised hastily. "There are probably *dozens* of other nests floating downstream, too. Just go back out on the branch and wait for them."

"Oh, goodie!" Larry said greedily, taking up his position. "I'll have a real feast!"

"Sure," Biddy grinned. "My pals and I will go back upstream and tell every bird we see that you're waiting for them."

"Thanks a lot, pals!" Larry called as Biddy and the two birdies quickly sped from sight.

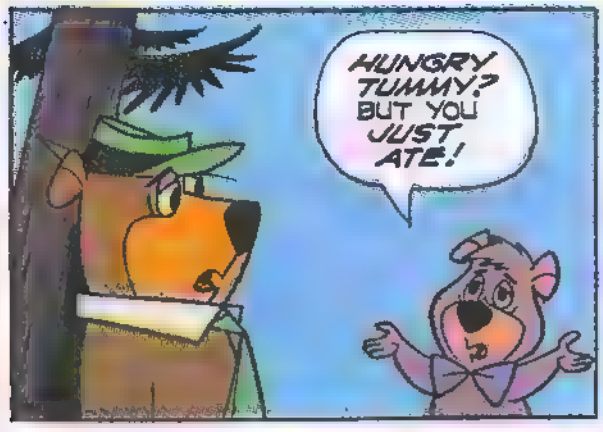
"Whew!" Biddy panted with relief when they had arrived back at his pond and had hidden under a bush. "Your mom will find you here in time, and, in the meanwhile, I'm going to take a nap. Now don't go wandering away from this bush or you might fall in the water again.

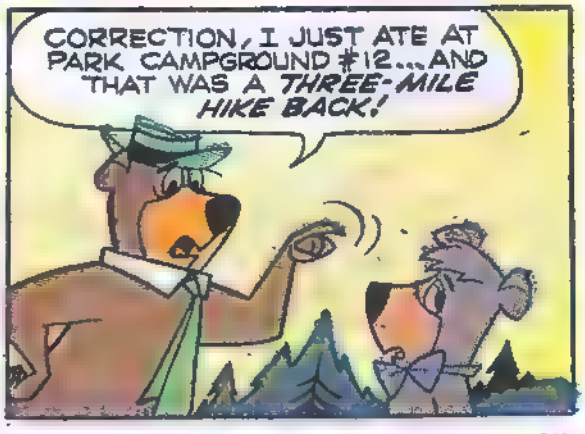
"Also," he added with a sleepy wink, "something tells me there'll be an awfully angry lynx prowling around soon when he discovers that a bird in the hand is worth more than Biddy Buddy and his two birdie buddies in the bush."

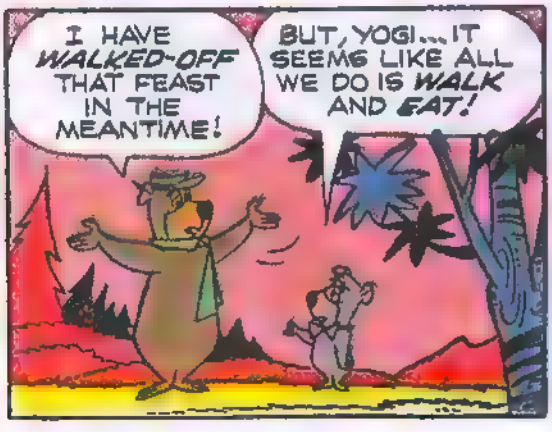
Hanna-Barbera

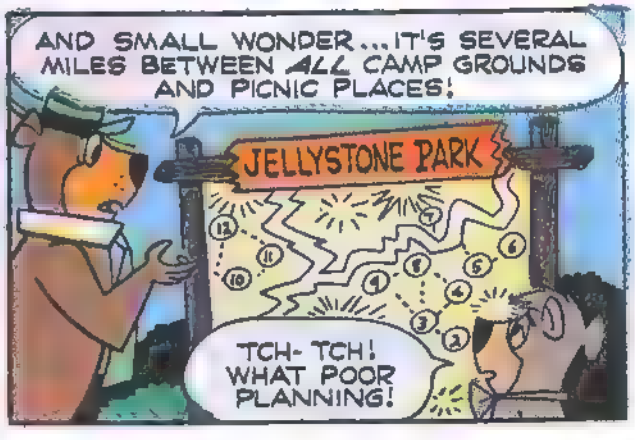
YOGI BEAR | the FLYIN' FUZZY-WUZZY







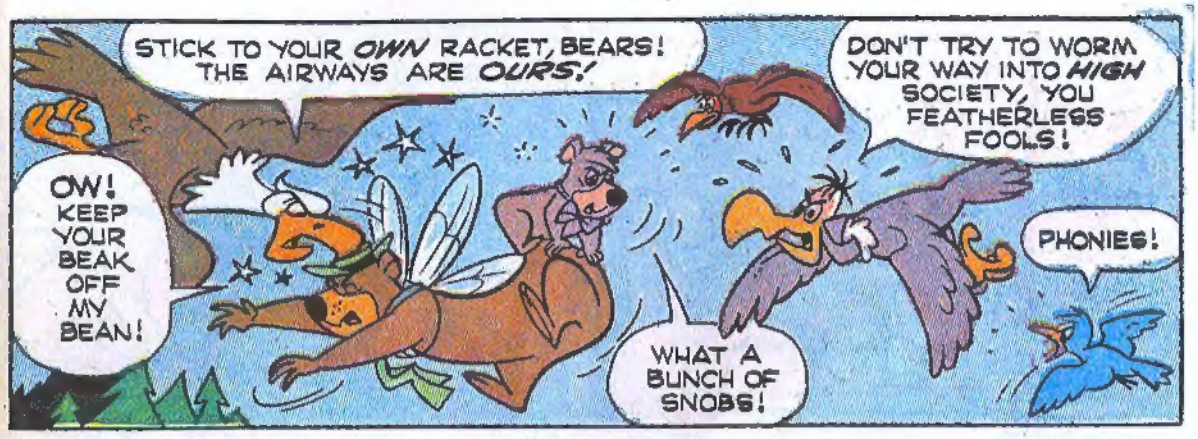




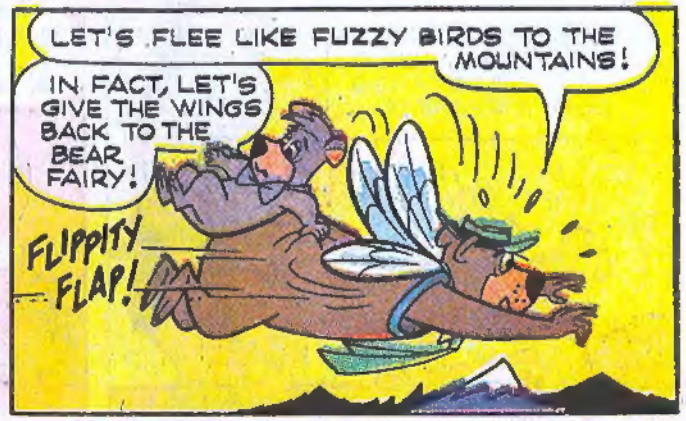

WELL, LET'S HUSTLE SUPPER RIGHT HERE AND THEN GO TO BED REAL QUICK!
PICNIC GROUNDS #2
YEAH...THERE'LL BE A SLIGHT CHANGE OF PACE!
BUT THAT NIGHT...
POOR YOGI...THE HIKE HOME USED UP MOST OF HIS SUPPER! IT'S A VICIOUS LITTLE CIRCLE!
ZZZZZ
GROWL!
SMACK! SLURP!
OH, NO!
NOW HE'S CONTINUING HIS DAYTIME HABIT AND WALKING IN HIS HUNGER-HAUNTED SLEEP!
STOP, YOGI... STOP!
Z
EEK!
HE'S STEPPIN' RIGHT OFF THE EDGE OF BRINK-SINK!
I CAN'T BEAR TO WATCH HIM CONNECT WITH THE SCENERY 1,000 FEET BELOW!


CAN'T YOU TIE HIM TO A STALAGMITE OR SOMETHING AT NIGHT, BOO BOO?
HUH? WH-WHO...? WHAT...?
SLURP!
SWOOP!
IT'S ME... YOGI'S GOOD FAIRY-BEAR... I'M ALWAYS WATCHING OUT FOR HIS WELFARE!
OH! HI-YA!
AND BELIEVE ME ... I'M DOG-TIRED FROM PULLING HIM OUT OF TROUBLE! I'VE HALF A MIND TO TURN IN MY WINGS!
TURN IN YOUR WINGS? YOU MEAN THEY DETACH?
SURE... SEE?
OH, JOY... THEN IF YOU'LL GIVE YOUR WINGS TO YOGI, YOUR PROBLEMS AND HIS PROBLEMS WILL BE SOLVED!
ZZZZZ
AND SO, THE NEXT DAY...
THE FAIRY BEAR HAS RETIRED TO HER MISTY CASTLE IN THE MOUNTAINS!
AND WITH HER MAGIC WINGS I CAN ZIP FROM ONE EATING SPOT TO ANOTHER WITHOUT WORKING UP MY APPETITE CONTINUALLY!

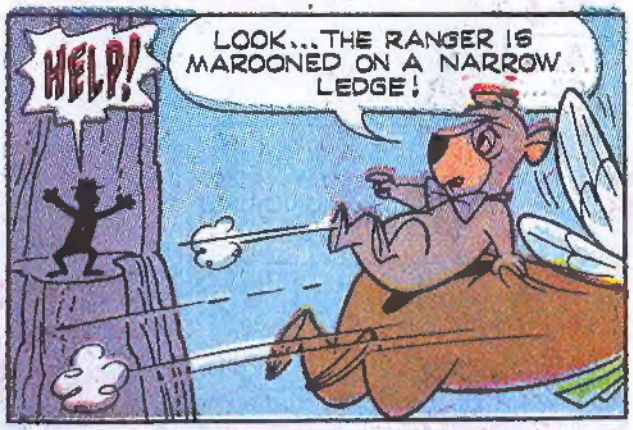

HI-HO, YOGI!
PICNIC GROUNDS, HERE WE COME!
HEY-HEY-HEY! GET YOUR BASKETS UNLOADED, FOLKS!
HUH?
EEK! THE FLYING INSECTS ARE MONSTROUS THIS YEAR!
HUH?
URK!
OR IS IT A THING FROM ANOTHER PLANET?!
LET THE FUZZY-WINGED THING HAVE IT!
SCAT!... YOU AWFUL AERIAL CREEP!
ZANG!
OW! CANNED FOOD DOESN'T AGREE WITH ME!
TO THE REAR, FLAP, YOGI!
POW!
ZING!
WHOEVER WOULD HAVE THOUGHT A WINGED BEAR WOULD BE UNACCEPTABLE TO PEOPLE?
FLAP! FLAP! FLAP!
ZOOM!
WELL, THEY LAUGHED AT THE WRIGHT BROTHERS, TOO...AT FIRST!
SHREEK!
NOW WHAT?


STICK TO YOUR OWN RACKET, BEARS! THE AIRWAYS ARE OURS!
DON'T TRY TO WORM YOUR WAY INTO HIGH SOCIETY, YOU FEATHERLESS FOOLS!
OW! KEEP YOUR BEAK OFF MY BEAN!
PHONIES!
WHAT A BUNCH OF SNOBS!

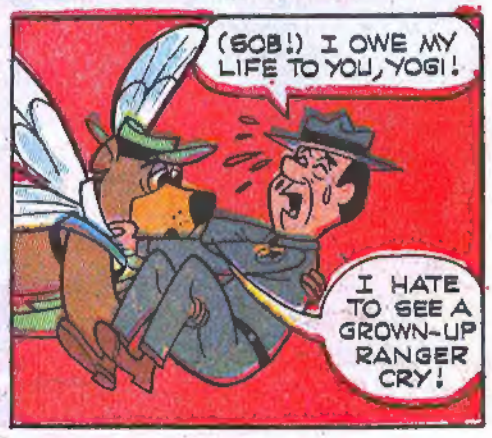

LOOK...WE'RE NOT VERY POPULAR IN BEAR CIRCLES, EITHER!
ZWOOP!


LET'S FLEE LIKE FUZZY BIRDS TO THE MOUNTAINS!
IN FACT, LET'S GIVE THE WINGS BACK TO THE BEAR FAIRY!
FLIPPITY FLAP!

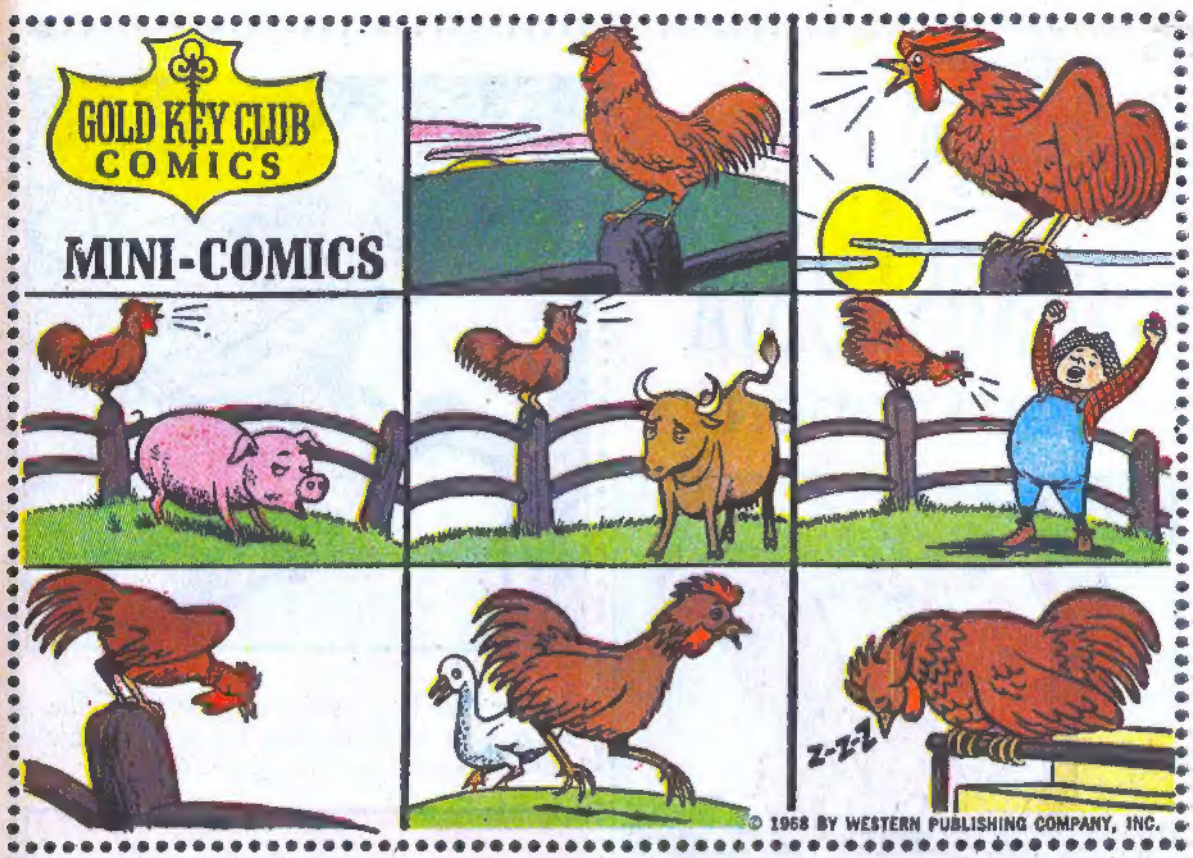

BOO!
SMART ALECKS!
UNFAIR ADVANTAGE!


HELP!
LOOK...THE RANGER IS MAROONED ON A NARROW LEDGE!


I FELL FROM ABOVE WHILE COLLECTING WILD FLOWERS FOR JELLYSTONE'S NATURE EXHIBIT!
WE'LL HAVE YOU SAFELY BELOW IN A JIFFY!


(SOB!) I OWE MY LIFE TO YOU, YOGI!
I HATE TO SEE A GROWN-UP RANGER CRY!


I'LL GRANT YOU ANY DESIRE, YOGI... ANYTHING! JUST NAME IT!
NO KIDDIN'?
OH BOY! THE SKY'S THE LIMIT, YOGI!
HEY-HEY-HEY! LET ME SEE NOW...
THE BEARS GO INTO A FUZZY HUDDLE, WHILE THE RANGER STARTS TO HAVE REGRETS...
WHY DIDN'T I KEEP MY BIG EMOTIONAL MOUTH SHUT!?
WE HAVE COME TO A DELICIOUS DECISION, SIR... ALL WE WANT IS A SIGN IN FRONT OF OUR CAVE!
A S-SIGN? IS THAT ALL?! HEH! WISH GRANTED!
AND SO...
HEH! WHO NEEDS WINGS WHEN THEIR OWN FRONT YARD IS A MUNCHING MECCA, EH, BOO?
OFFICIAL JELLYSTONE NATIONAL PARK
PICNIC PLACE
(EAT AT YOUR OWN RISK)
ALL I CAN SAY, YOGI, IS YUMMY!


GOLD KEY CLUB
COMICS
MINI-COMICS
z-z-z
© 1968 BY WESTERN PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.


MINI-
COMICS
SKI LIFT
AIRPORT
© 1968 BY WESTERN PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.

GOLD KEY CLUB COMICS

DINOSAURIA

IGUANODON



Loping across the European continent of a hundred million years ago, the iguanodon was a harmless plant-eating dinosaur, despite its stern appearance. Standing about eighteen feet high and measuring over thirty feet long, it advanced with hops on its powerful hindlegs, although it could move on all fours. The iguanodon's strong, long tail could serve as a lashing weapon, or a counterbalance as it made a short gallop on its hindlegs. Its name means "iguana tooth" as its teeth resemble those of a giant iguana.



Living mainly on twigs of pine trees, the iguanodon used its long tongue to draw down its food, much as a giraffe does.



The iguanodon's small forelegs had five digits, with the thumb shaped into a sharp spine it could use for defending itself.

© 1968 BY WESTERN PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.